

TOC H JOURNAL



AUGUST
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THREEPENCE

Toc H for New Friends

What it is

Toc H is out to win men's friendship and their service for the benefit of others. It stands, always but especially now, when values which seemed permanent are being discarded, for truth and understanding, for unselfishness and fair dealing, for individual freedom based on a practical Christian outlook on life. Toc H works under a Royal Charter granted by H.M. King George V in 1922.

How it started

It began with Talbot House (Toc H is the signaller's way of saying T.H.) opened in 1915 in the Belgian town of Poperinghe, the nearest habitable point in the Ypres Salient. It was intended to be a sort of soldiers' rest house where men back from the line could find refreshment for body, mind and spirit. Owing largely to the Rev. P. B. Clayton, an Army Chaplain in charge, it soon secured a reputation in the British Expeditionary Force as a place of friendliness and cheerfulness. It welcomed men not merely to a meal and writing material but to the small homely things that mean so much. Many who used it found their way to the Chapel in the loft and gained fresh strength to realise that "behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the Eternal Realities."

1919 to 1939

"Tubby" Clayton and a few survivors saw the need to recapture in peace-time the spirit of comradeship in common service and sacrifice which they had learnt in war and to pass it on to a new generation. The idea spread. By 1939 Toc H was established in over 1,000 places in the United Kingdom and had forged a chain linking 500 more throughout the Empire and beyond. The Old House at Poperinghe and its Upper Room, given back to Toc H, has been visited by many thousands, who have gained, as those before them, fresh strength to play their part steadfastly and cheerfully. More than 20 hostels (called Marks) have been opened and are available for those who get the chance to use them.

What it means in practice

In his efforts to further the objects for which Toc H exists, each member has what is called the Toc H Compass to guide him. Its Four Points may thus be summarised:

To Think Fairly. To win a chivalry of mind, whereby he will not be overready to condemn honest difference, but will be humble-minded in his judgment of great issues, avoiding prejudice and striving for truth.

To Love Widely. To learn the habit of trying day by day to understand and to help all sorts and conditions of men.

To Witness Humbly. Toc H is rooted in the supreme conviction that the great thing is to spread the weekday Christian Gospel. Every member is pledged to do his blundering bit by carrying the contagion quietly. The point here is that lives speak while words are merely spoken.

To Build Bravely. (a) To be resolute in building his own life, without forgetting that what matters most is not what he can do for himself but what he can do for others. (b) To see in Toc H a bridge between himself and the lives of others, and to build it bravely, regarding his share in doing so as a sacred trust.

Membership

Toc H wants men who are willing to put service before self, are trying to think fairly and are willing to offer friendship. You probably won't be asked to join, but if you feel you want to share in this great adventure, let us know. It will cost you no more than you can afford. If you would like to know more about it, ask any member you know or write to Toc H Headquarters, 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1.

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THE SIMPLE LIFE

THE German people, well schooled to change the meaning of words, are now being warned that the word 'Blitz,' which all their dictionaries give as 'lightning,' means 'attrition'—the swift knock-out blow delivered already to six countries on the Continent becomes the slow dropping of water (or bombs) on a stone in the case of our country. For many weeks, their Government recently assured them, the '*Blitzkrieg*' against England has been in full swing, with crushing effect by sea and air, but they are not to expect immediate collapse of their degenerate, divided and panic-stricken foe. Whether the action of *Blitz* is to be fast or slow is, for us, beside the point. We shall be as ready as we can for either course. We are not (as the Prime Minister has again reminded us) to be lulled with any false sense of security, we have no illusions as to the suffering and the cost—to defenders as to attackers—of the assault on our island fortress. And panic is not so much as named among us, even in August itself, the month said to be appointed for our destruction. Our mood is serious but cheerful, it has no excuse to be vainglorious. 'Steady!' is still the word.

August, in *our* minds if not in our dictionaries, spells 'holidays.' And there are some at the present time who think we ought to forget it. To propose a holiday openly seems to them a little like treason; if they take one they go a little shamefacedly about it. "There must be no slackening of the national effort." And the truth is that unless the millions who are making that effort get some holiday there inevitably will be. Mr. Ernest Bevin, who knows both what men are and what work is, holds that view, at any rate,

and wants to arrange for industry to act upon it. Let us all unblushingly agree with him. The Service man needs leave. He looks forward to it—seven whole days or even the thirty-six hours which is much better than nothing—with as much eagerness as a schoolboy at the end of term. The civilian worker needs a pause no less. Through the whirring wheels there is a glimpse of Blackpool; in the clatter of the shop the larks can be heard singing over the Downs. The typist, in an absent-minded moment, spells 'Inverness' instead of 'investment' and has to waste a sheet of paper. A secret homesickness for the place we like best attacks us all. Body and mind, we discover, are tired, attention wanders, tempers are growing a bit ragged. Our best work is not being done.

* * *

When I was a small boy at school we had to write a weekly 'essay' (it was oddly called a 'theme'). Some boys hated it, I loved it above all other tasks of the week. The first Saturday of the Autumn term always produced a stock subject—"Describe a day in the Summer holidays." How I let myself rip! The old itch returns to the pen at this moment, but I will refrain. Instead, let me touch on one point only. War-time holidays for the overwhelming majority must be short and they must be cheap. In other words, they will be, for most of us, *simple*. We shall walk abroad but not 'go Abroad,'—both because we can't afford it and because there is no foreign country we can go to (outside Scotland for an Englishman, England for a Welshman, or Devon for a Yorkshireman). We shall spend less on 'sports' clothes, meals and excursions—or at least we shall get less for our money. And we shan't mind much.

Simplicity is a keynote of this time. It is forced on us by the rationing of food and petrol, by the lack of some things we used to think essential and now find we can do cheerfully without. More than that, simplification has invaded not only our household cupboards but our minds and wills. There is now but one immediate task—to defeat the "powers of darkness" which threaten the things we love and believe to be good. War itself, in the last resort, is simple. Behind the complexities of politics and strategy is the man fighting, obeying orders at any cost to himself. In this simple action he is morally in his shirt-sleeves, he is seen simply and plainly for what he is, no more, no less. Stripped of all pretence, the hero and the weakling stand out clearly, the divine and the devilish in men is revealed. War shows us the worst in human nature: strange and sad, as has so often been said, that it also takes a crisis like war to show us the best. Both best and worst, thus seen, are simple things.

* * *

A member of Brussels Branch, which was scattered in May by the German invasion of Belgium, has been wont at intervals to produce for his fellow-members a typed 'Thought Sheet,' as he called it, and I have rejoiced to receive these now and then, full as they have been of sense and good humour. Is it sheer coincidence that the last of these—dated May, 1940—should be headed 'A Plea for Simplicity'? Here are a few paragraphs from it:—

Life becomes increasingly full, but I am afraid we are squeezing out of it many of those things that matter, and are substituting things temporal for the eternal realities.

We use the tram or the motor-car "to save time", but now that circumstances compel us sometimes to use the tram instead of the car, or to walk instead of using the tram, we are seeing and hearing things which previously passed unnoticed (and gaining some needed exercise for which we "hadn't time" before). And if we have lost ten minutes here and there we have realised how often those minutes we gained in our haste have been frittered away in the end to no purpose. We remember how often we have gained on the next man, only to find that he has caught us up, at his leisurely pace, at the next level crossing or the next traffic jam.

There's the point. So many of us are trying to move so fast that we all get jammed. We crowd

so much into our lives that there is no time to enjoy anything thoroughly. We run after diversions which cost money and have no place or desire for the simple joys of life. We find so many opportunities to occupy our thoughts that we are losing the art of thinking for ourselves. We are so busy filling our own lives that we forget the pleasant duty of helping to fill the lives of others. We so bind ourselves by chains of habit and fashion and collective thinking that we have lost that freedom of life our fathers had—freedom to think, freedom to do things thoroughly, freedom to enjoy the simple things.

Let's come back to this year's holidays—if we are lucky enough to get them. They may have to be simple but they will offer us "freedom to think, freedom to do things thoroughly, freedom to enjoy the simple things." May I (without being too much suspected of an axe to grind) take one example? The financial crisis of 1931 happened to coincide with the start of the Youth Hostels movement in England, with which I had something to do. In other words, a grand form of 'simple' holiday was offered to men and women at the very moment when the state of their pockets demanded simplicity. Thousands of our people in consequence learnt that Summer—many of them for the first time and to their surprise—the joys of travel with a rucksack, sleeping a good deal rougher than in a boarding-house, cooking and eating their own frugal rations. Where they had once reckoned their holiday in pounds they now spent shillings. (Once more, why does it take a crisis to make us discover some of the best things in the world?) I am bold to claim that Youth Hostels, alongside Scouting and the Rambling and Camping Clubs, have made a major revolution in our national life. Through them the 'simple life' has rescued thousands, body and spirit, from the tyranny of our 'machine age.' They have offered new riches of health, beauty and friendship, and a fresh touch with "the eternal realities."

So here's to holidays, never more needed than in this grim and anxious present. In re-creation, the simpler the better, we are "recreated," made new. And men and women need newness of body and soul, who are called—when "this tyranny is overpast"—to make a new world.

B. B.

OUR "GOOD CAUSE"

No doubt thousands of our members—and, we hope, many more thousands of the general public—listened to the B.B.C.'s programme at 8.40 p.m. on Sunday, August 4. For the 'Week's Good Cause' that night was the war work of Toc H. The circumstances conspired notably to help us. To begin with, it was a memorable date, the anniversary of the outbreak of the Great War, in which Toc H was born. Then, at the broadcast evening service, on which our appeal immediately followed, Lord GORT had given the address, a significant act by a fine British commander, to which a very large wireless congregation must have listened. Thirdly, the broadcast was made by Lord Gort's Military Secretary, Brigadier Sir COLIN JARDINE, who was recently awarded a C.B. in recognition of his service in the B.E.F. COLIN JARDINE is an active Toc H member, in war as in peace, and was speaking with conviction of something he knew well. As we go to press, the results of his appeal have reached the fine total of £8,700, largely in small sums. Need we remind readers and their friends that the appeal is not closed but still continues? This is what the speaker said:—

BEFORE I could agree to make this broadcast, Army discipline required me to ask approval from Lord Gort on whose staff I have served since last September. You will like to know that he agreed most heartily and expressed his appreciation of what Toc H had set out to do within the B.E.F. He knows—none better—what the British soldier likes and what he needs.

Toc H was born in the last war, notably from the genius of Tubby Clayton, in a house in Poperinghe. I passed through Pop. in May and was perhaps the last member of Toc H to see the Old House standing; next day it was destroyed by a bomb. Since the last war Toc H has encircled the globe. We have stood, and we ever stand, for service, service of hand and purse. Normally the funds for such service as Toc H undertakes are supplied by its own members and their friends, but the needs of the present now make that impossible.

Service men are civilians in uniform and their needs have not changed. We are providing them with something of a home outside the camp or barracks or billets, a home where they can find rest for body and for mind, with an opportunity for thought and meditation. The great work started many months ago. Over 250 centres have been established in Great Britain; there are Toc H houses in Gib. and Malta, a great club opposite Big Ben where two hundred men can sleep. It is always full, but was full to overflowing when we so improbably found our

way back from the beaches of Dunkirk. This house alone will cost £5,000 for the first year and £2,000 afterwards. Tubby Clayton has been ministering in the Orkneys to those who face hazard daily upon the waters. There are many similar Houses at other ports. Toc H has not hesitated to act, but we must have your help if we are to carry on.

I saw Toc H established in France, the clean and efficient house in Lille where a man could get a bath, food, a bed, and where he could take stock of himself in the simply furnished chapel. Other houses had been opened throughout the B.E.F.

I want to tell you a tale of gratitude around the Lille house. During the German advance into Belgium I was in a car driving west from Brussels, past that tragic endless file of refugees. I picked up a Belgian man and his wife, who had been fleeing through night and day from Brussels; they were hoping to get to England. The woman, poor, tired soul, broke down and wept, with relief. I took them to the Toc H house in Lille, whose doors were wide open to all refugees. A wash, tea, food—hope in the future came back. I tried to explain what Toc H was, in halting French. The woman understood. On leaving she asked her husband to give Toc H fifty francs from their small stock; and this was when she had lost home, security, everything. I am asking you to do as much, you with a home intact and your land unconquered. Alas, those of the Lille house are now prisoners of war. To the end they

remained to succour refugees.

With confidence I am asking your help. To keep these 250 Houses open we need a war fund of £50,000. It is a big sum. We expect some big gifts and already have £10,000. But it is the small amounts from all of you which will make our future secure.

We are fighting for an ideal, for truth, toleration, kindness. Toc H means all of these. It is founded on the life of Christ. We need Toc H now; we shall need it even more in the world after victory. Will you please send your gifts to me—Brigadier Sir COLIN JARDINE, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.

GALLANTRY AND SACRIFICE

AT a time when thousands of Toc H members are serving the nation in all sorts of capacities our family is contributing its full share both in gallantry and in sacrifice. It seems a pity that the record of both should remain so incomplete. Awards for good service often pass unnoticed, and no one member, scanning the long casualty lists which now appear so often, could hope to pick out the complete toll of fellow-members from them. The remedy clearly is for units to advise Headquarters much more promptly and regularly than they do at present of awards and casualties among their local membership. The JOURNAL could then attempt to keep a roll, proud and sorrowful, month by month for the information of the whole family.

If we had been able, for instance, to start 1940 with such a roll, the first award recorded might well have been the D.S.O., gazetted on January 1, given to Commander St. J. A. MICKLETHWAIT, of H.M.S. *Eskimo*. He had previously been Captain of H.M.S. *Beagle* (which knew Tubby well in the Mediterranean) and became a good friend of Toc H in the Royal Navy. *Beagle* is again recalled in the loss of Lieut. R. S. Bostock, who was a staunch ally of Tubby's aboard in 1935-6. He was posted "missing" in June, as was Commander Eric WOODHALL, D.S.O. (recently awarded), who was Captain of H.M.S. *Acastra* in 1932, when Tubby first 'made his number' with the Mediterranean Fleet. *Acastra* provides a further link, for she was one of the two destroyers sunk with the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Glorious*, and among the officers lost in *Glorious* was Lieut.-Commander E. H. P. SLESSOR, eldest son of Paul Slessor of the Toc H staff. He was a most capable officer in the Fleet Air

Arm, a man of many gifts and many friends, who understood and worked hard for his men. Our deep sympathy goes to Paul and Mrs. Slessor and to his widow.

Turning to the Royal Air Force, we should record recent awards of the Distinguished Flying Cross to Pilot Officer HILTON A. HAARHOFF, and of the Distinguished Flying Medal to Sergt. J. R. PAINE (Huntingdon Group) and Leading Aircraftman L. S. DILNUTT. Congratulations to them all!

How many of our members, in all three Services, were concerned in acts of gallantry and of sacrifice on the fighting retirement in Flanders and on the beaches we shall never know. Here, at all events, is one—in the Army this time. DICK CRAIG, well remembered as Toc H Area Padre at Birmingham, was awarded the Military Cross on July 18. Here are the facts, in the words of the official citation:—

MILITARY CROSS
C.F. 4th Cl. Rev. Richard Newcombe Craig,
R.A.Ch.D.

On May 23 the Rev. Craig arrived at Calais, when it was already menaced by the enemy, being under continual bombing and shellfire. He declined to embark for England. He voluntarily established an aid post with straggler personnel near Calais Docks Station. Here, without a medical officer for three days, he organised the dressing and evacuation of some 300 wounded.

He learnt that six badly wounded men were lying on the dunes, under enemy sniping fire, unable to get away. Without hesitation he called for four volunteers, drove an ambulance himself to a spot near by, with his volunteers he crawled to the men, rescued them all and drove back under fire.

The padres of the B.E.F. have left a fine record of courage and devotion to duty. The instance of Dick Craig belongs to the story both of the Chaplains' Department and of Toc H now. There will be many such stories to be told among us. Henceforward let them not pass unrecorded.

LINKS WITH THE CONTINENT

Prisoners of War

LAST month we were only able to give news of one of our five 'missing' men who carried the Lainp of Toc H in Northern France. This was Col. Bonham Carter, who was known to be a prisoner of war. A few days after the July JOURNAL went to press Mus received a postcard in Reg Staton's handwriting, reporting that he and Hugh Pilcher were also prisoners and in the same camp as Bonham Carter. Reg says they are all well and in very beautiful mountain country. And then, on the last day of July, came news, by a devious route, that Padre Austin Williams is also a prisoner. So far there is no news of Rex Calkin, but we have seen in the case of the others how long news takes to get through, and we go on hoping for his safety. We all pray that this hope may soon be justified.

Many of their friends will want to know how they can get in touch with the prisoners. The following procedure should be closely followed :—

LETTERS AND PARCELS. There is no restriction on the number of letters that may be sent. The contents, however, must contain no reference to the military, political or economic situation, and they must be written from a civilian address. They should not exceed two sides of a sheet of note-paper, clearly written and posted in the ordinary way but without a stamp. The sender's name and address should be written on the back of the envelope. Envelopes should be addressed thus :

Prisoner of War Post.

Kriegsgefangenenpost.

Rank, Name.

British Prisoner of War No.....

(*Lager-Bezeichnung*).

Oflag VII C.

Deutschland.

Reg Staton's number is 370, Hugh Pilcher's is 346 and Colonel Bonham Carter's is 214. Reg seems to have acquired Captain's rank, and he should be addressed as

Captain R. H. Staton, British Prisoner of War No. 370. ('Oflag' gives no indication to us of their whereabouts; it is not the name of a place in Germany but merely short for '*Offiziers-Lager*', 'Officers' Camp.' '*Lager-Bezeichnung*' means 'Name of Camp.')

Much as the prisoners would like, no doubt, to write to all their friends, there is a strict limitation to the letters they may send. We hope to give regular news of them in the JOURNAL.

Until postal facilities can be arranged, *no parcels* may be sent. (Arrangements have been made to allow the next-of-kin to send clothing, etc.). The British Red Cross and Order of St. John of Jerusalem send weekly parcels of food with some cigarettes and tobacco. The cost of these parcels is met entirely from the funds of the Red Cross and they would be most grateful for any donations towards the cost of the parcels, which works out at about 10/- a week. Cheques and postal orders should be made out to "Red Cross and St. John Fund, Prisoners of War Account" and sent to the Appeal Secretary, Prisoners of War Department, St. James's Palace, London, S.W.1.

Good and faithful Servants

We have no actual news as yet of the fate of René and Olida Bérat, the Belgian stewards of Talbot House, Poperinghe, since it re-opened in 1932. They made hundreds of friends among visiting members and loved and served Toc H with unfailing cheerfulness and devotion. A letter to Paul Slessor from B. Rogers, War Graves gardener at Lyssenthoek Cemetery (known to so many in the last war as 'Remy Siding'), who is now on the staff of Kew Gardens, gives us a glimpse of them, cheerful and faithful in the face of the final crisis. He writes about the events of May 18 at Poperinghe as follows :—

It was my duty on that day to see that the (War Graves) Commission people of Poperinghe were there to await transport. Owing to the retreating Belgian Army we spent the whole of the day there until 8 o'clock in the evening. A greater part of our time was passed in the garden talking



René and Olida Bérat, with Gilbert Williams, at the Garden door of Talbot House, Poperinghe

with René and Olida. They seemed very cheerful and confident that all would be well, as at that stage we did not know how rapidly the Germans were advancing.

We noticed that the dug-out in the garden was open and the ladder was there for descending. My wife was curious, and asked if they intended taking shelter if there were raids. René smiled and remarked they might, but as there was no other exit it might not be too safe. Here again I might mention that they and everybody else seemed confident they would not be bombed or shelled and treated it more or less as a joke. Later in the day things became more serious. At 6 p.m. the men received orders to gather a few belongings and push off as quickly as possible. During the few minutes I was in my own house we had the first aerial fight over Poperinghe and the Nazi machine was brought down near the station. We left Talbot House at 8 p.m. and René and Olida bade us a cheerful farewell.

I forgot to mention that during our conversation René told us in confidence that he had a goodly store of cigarettes, etc., awaiting the British Tommies, fully expecting them to arrive any day. During the afternoon Belgian soldiers

came asking for beds and baths; beds were refused but baths were allowed, and everything was held in readiness for our British Tommies. I would like to add how beautiful the garden was on that day; in fact, we had never seen it look better. The weather was glorious and added to its beauty. It seems unbelievable that the House no longer exists.

That was the state of affairs on May 18. As reported in last month's JOURNAL, the nearest we could then get to the date of the destruction of the Old House was "about May 24." That was from the recollection of a soldier who witnessed it, but a man in action has every excuse for losing track of dates or even days of the week. We can now carry the story a bit further. On May 28, the day the Guards Brigade passed through Poperinghe on its way to make a gallant stand further North, the House was still standing and inhabited. Here is the story of

a Toc H member, Sergt. J. H. Summerfield, 133 Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C.:

I was in Pop. on May 28, visited the House and spoke to René. To start at the beginning, my unit was attacked by enemy tanks near Hazebrouck on that day, and a small proportion only got away. I was with about eight men of my own unit (two wounded), and about six others, also wounded. We were on a truck looking for a Casualty Clearing Station near Pop. Everyone was soaking wet and we wanted blankets. I guessed there would be some at Talbot House.

Skindles was a wreck, as was most of the rest of the town. The Old House was undamaged (3 p.m.). I met René at the door, and he told me that Olida had left Pop. and that he was about to join her—precisely where I do not know. He gave me permission to remove any blankets I wanted, but when I rejoined my party I found this was unnecessary, as they had managed to scrounge some blankets from an abandoned Army truck.

Hundreds of us know of Olida's and René's pride in the Old House and their love for it. This glimpse of René's faithfulness moves us strongly. Having sent his wife, from whom he had never before been parted, into safety, he was thus found, with the town in ruins about him, still at his post of duty—ready to serve British troops, doing the work of Talbot House. We do not yet know if he left before it was too late or whether he perished on his lonely guard when the House was hit. We can only hope that he was able to rejoin Olida and that, somewhere among the thousands of refugees from devastated Flanders, they are receiving the kindness from strangers that they were always ready themselves to show.

Out of Ypres

Yet another glimpse—this time in a letter to the Editor from the heart of Wales, written by Padre Ralph Dye, formerly of the Toc H staff and recently vicar of St. George's English Church at Ypres. He writes:—

We were very interested to read that Rex's name had been seen in the Visitor's Book of the Old House under the date May 22. On the 17th he came to my house in Ypres on his way back to Douai from Pop., where he had been to make arrangements for opening the Old House. At that same moment I received my orders from Brigadier Prower of the Imperial War Graves Commission to conduct a party of people to Havre on the following day. Rex said two things—"You'll have a lovely crossing," and "Don't

worry, Ralph, the Allies are going to hold that line for all they're worth." He only had a few minutes, and, when we'd wished each other good luck, he got into his car and went. I can't believe that can be the last I shall see of him.

We were supposed to leave next day, May 18, at 9 a.m. in four motor coaches. We waited until 4 p.m. for them and then did what we could with all the transport we could muster, which meant taking half the party at a time. I can't tell you the whole story—it would take too long. We wandered over North France, getting cut off successively from Le Havre, Cherbourg and Boulogne and finally running for Calais as our last hope. We reached there—some of us—on May 22 and crossed to Dover by the Dover Patrol. More got over next day and a few days later the men with no womenfolk, who had done the journey on bicycles, got away from Boulogne, after suffering bombardment for three days and nights. A few of my own little Ypres colony are still in Belgium, but whether they are prisoners or dead we can't yet discover.

You may be glad to know that Dick Potter (known to many members as the head waiter of Skindles at Ypres) and his wife are now home. They had a worse time than any of us, taking two whole weeks to get from Ypres to Dunkerque!

'Boots'

No member on the Continent was better known and beloved than M. Tully ('Boots') of Brussels Branch. He was one of its earliest members and its very active Jobmaster for eight or nine years. He was also one of the founders of the very successful Branch at Charleroi. A chauffeur by peace-time profession, he enlisted on the outbreak of war and, as the JOURNAL noted last month, was driving an Embassy car. It now appears that he was not made a prisoner of war in Belgium, as his friends surmised, but escaped as far as a French port, where he embarked on a ship for England which was sunk by an explosion. He is officially reported "Missing, believed killed, June, 1940." Our sincerest sympathy goes to Mrs. Tully and their daughter.

From Toc H in Holland

We have had some contact with members from France, Belgium and the Channel Islands and have been able to get a glimpse of how their units fared and behaved in the face of the invader. There remains the one unit we had in Holland, at Amsterdam. First news of them reaches the Editor in a

letter from a member, now in England, who writes :—

My wife and I succeeded in escaping from Holland when the Nazis invaded that country, although we had a terrible experience which nearly cost us our lives. The steamer we were on struck a magnetic mine off IJmuiden and foundered—the Amsterdam padre, Rev. A. W. Allen, was on the same boat—but we managed to get picked up by a Dutch naval cutter and taken back to IJmuiden. We were then sent back to Amsterdam and only managed to get away again at the last minute : the Nazis were due at Amsterdam the following day. It would be impossible in a short space to relate our experiences from the beginning of the invasion, but they were a nightmare and we shall never forget them. We have had the misfortune to lose all our belongings, but are glad we are still alive and have escaped the Nazi terror. We left our furniture in the house and the few things we were trying to get over with us had to be abandoned in the mined steamer, so we only had what we stood up in.

Breyer (a Dutch member), who came with me to the Continental Conference at Poperinghe last year, saw me off at the boat, and I had a few words with De Klark (the Dutch Secretary of the Group) before we left. They were all facing the uncertainties of the future with fortitude and courage, and, although the Group will cease as a corporate body under Nazi rule, I am sure the spirit of Toc H will prevail.

None of us can tell if we shall ever again "renew the fellowship of sight and hand" with the handful of Germans who were members of Toc H—H. J., H. B., W. R. (it might do them harm if we printed their names!) and a few more. Whatever happens cannot obliterate the memories of their good friendship in the past.

A Note for Continental members

A successful meeting of members of Brussels and Charleroi Branches was held at Mark XXII, Denmark Hill on Tuesday, July 23. It was decided to hold meetings at which all Continental members would be welcome (and special reference was made to Paris members) on the second Wednesday in each month. Will anyone interested please take note and get in touch with S. J. White, 36, Inglis Road, Addiscombe, East Croydon?

In this way old friends will be kept in touch with one another and the traditions of well-founded and honoured Branches of our family maintained in remembrance.

A MIXED BAG

Our Leprosy Volunteers

Celyn Evans arrived home at the beginning of May and, after a very brief spell of leave, joined up as a Sub-Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., where his previous service in the Mercantile Marine should be helpful. All good luck to him! Frank Bye, formerly at Zaria, has been transferred to Uzuakoli, and Lawrence Birnbaum has arrived at Oji River.

Tubby's first Obituary

A short, friendly, and understanding leading article on Toc H in the *Winnipeg Tribune* of February 24, ended with this paragraph :—

The founder of Toc H, Padre 'Tubby' Clayton, is now dead. But he lived long enough to see the organisation he founded become a chain of comrades of which he might well be proud.

Two days later the *Tribune* admitted that, in the words of Mark Twain, the report of Tubby's demise was "greatly exaggerated." "Loyal members of Toc H," it went on,

"have taxed the postal facilities with good-humoured protest. They rejoice in having their padre still very much alive. So do we." All of which gave Tubby an excellent excuse—which he took on May 7—to tell readers of the *Tribune* something of Toc H in general and of his work in Orkney in particular.

Jim to his friends

Jim Burford, as most of his friends know, has not been at all well and was moved some time ago from Newcastle to the less exacting Lakeland Area; he is living in Kendal. He wishes, through the JOURNAL, to acknowledge "a lot of kindly letters from here, there and everywhere" he has received. At present writing is a strain he must forgo, but he is getting better and hopes to be able soon to answer his correspondents personally.

Will all correspondents please note that Toc H Headquarters is NOT now in Swindon but at 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1.

FOR BLACKOUT AND BILLET

PAGES FOR READERS WHO HAVE MORE TIME AND A TASTE FOR MORE

A JOTTING FROM JANUARY 1940



CHRISTMAS was over in the land of Orkney. The children's parties had been most amazing. Never, they said, had Kirkwall children known anything like these two magical afternoons on which the senior and the junior school children in due succession came into the Hall of Toc H, Kirkwall, played their games, sung songs, had tea and Christmas presents past belief bestowed on them by sailors, soldiers, air forces and civilians—men on active service in drifters, trawlers, everything that floats. The presents had come up in steady streams as the result of requests in the autumn made through the men towards their own home folk who wanted to display their gratitude towards the folk of Kirkwall for their kindness to men away from home on active service. Five hun-

dred presents came up in great cases from Gamages direct, our oldest ally, who far back in Flanders days provided the children's toys for the three parties held in Talbot House for little Belgian children in 1916-1918.

At last the children left, night came down, the hall was restored to normal use, the slight reaction which comes after Christmas came in the spirit and the atmosphere. Then came the New Year's Eve, to make us think; then New Year's Day with all its unknown future.

Then came a sudden summons to myself which I was very glad indeed to take. This was an invitation from "the Commodore," an old friend of Toc H, inviting me to go out on patrol in order to obtain a second glimpse of what the situation was up North, and how the men were standing up to it.

I had been out before this, in November, but had not then got farther than Shetland, where I had met "the Commodore's" own ship and two or three more; there had been an air raid in which a certain rabbit paid the price. On that same night "the Commodore" kindly invited me to go to sea with him; but more than local Naval authority was needed for a civilian guest to go to sea in a King's ship in war time; so the question had to be deferred.

In the New Year, however, the question was again referred to the Admiralty. Permission was granted in this case, upon the understanding that it was not to be regarded as a precedent.

The ship in question was an oldish one of a small class and soon to be relieved. She had been on patrol since the beginning and had suffered much in those tremendous seas. The men who composed her complement on a war footing were very tightly packed. Some pipes had given way with the result that there were leakages beyond repair until they reached dockyard for a complete overhaul. Meanwhile the King's ship had to carry on.

The men slept simply anywhere they could. Gangways in the ship were turned at night into a row of hammocks slung together without an interval of space between, and down beneath were men in all directions, of whom I specially remember one, immensely proud of having just one board on which he could somehow repose off watch. This single board, which he had found somewhere, would in a prison cell have aroused contempt and been reported to the Governor; but my friend was delighted with his bed and genuinely proud of its possession.

Another passage-way was blocked completely; needed repair could not be done at sea. This formed a small blind alley which was therefore the cherished home of quite a dozen men. Some officers and many midshipmen were sleeping in the passages. Yet everyone preserved a great goodwill.

I was myself in clover, for I changed each morning from "the Commodore's" cabin aft to the bridge cabin, which he occupied while at sea. His big main cabin was, of

course, reserved during the day-time for essential duties—cases to be handled in the morning, requests to be presented, tactics framed and all the myriad duties undertaken. At night, however, it became our Church, and every evening we had Family Prayers there, attended by a voluntary body composed of Toc H and their friends. This number grew throughout the fortnight steadily, until the cabin scarcely held the throng. To meet for worship is legitimate. No other kind of meetings can be held; nor did we feel that there was need for them, for the main hunger in the hearts of men was clearly to get quiet for their prayers. Three celebrations of Communion were also held. There had been hitherto no opportunity, the R.N. Chaplain to the whole Flotilla being unable to reach them all, owing to their dispersion on their duties.

So we ran North into the deepening dark which comes as you approach the Faroes and deepens beyond them, on the rough road to Iceland. We did not get the worst of the whole weather by any means, but I saw quite enough to understand what they had been enduring. The water comes in walls across the North Atlantic: such is the beat of the Northern Patrol, and on this beat there is not now one moment when most varied teams of ships are working, controlling the whole traffic to and fro, investigating, boarding, putting armed guards aboard, and handing over the neutral shipping for investigation. The trawlers are the pack, the larger ships the huntsmen; so they stand.

We did not have a thrilling time of it. No wild adventures happened in our case. We did, however, meet by day and night and overhaul a number of strange neutrals, giving them orders to report to Kirkwall, handing them on and returning to our beat. We had one stroke of luck; this was meeting a big, fast ship, which in the last Great War was famous for evading the patrol. She was then used to carry German agents straight from New York to Germany. Von Papen was one of those who thus ran the blockade. We caught her moving very fast indeed. When challenged, she replied that she was going into Kirkwall, but we were quite un-

certain whether she was as innocent as that. Instructions were to hand her over to a trawler, but, in view of her speed, it seemed the wiser course to take her in ourselves, since she had the heels of any trawler that was ever built. We therefore showed no trust in her intentions, gave her her course and kept quite close to her by day and night until at last we brought her safe into Kirkwall Sound and Kirkwall Bay. We did not leave her until the sea gates shut with her within.

Having done this, we were again delayed for Christmas leave, to our immense distress. Our orders were to return to sea again, since our relief ship had not yet appeared. For two days longer we were on patrol, and then at last the joyful news came in that our delayed relief ship was proceeding to take our place, and H.M.S. — — was free at last and ordered South for leave.

In order to appreciate the atmosphere, it must be understood that Christmas leave, run in two parts, had already been promised and twice withdrawn on grounds of urgency. The ship had stopped all parcels coming up, all messages from home for Christmas; and Christmas had been spent on the Patrol. From Toc H, Kirkwall, we had somehow managed to send some boxes of books and games aboard. Happy as these gifts were, they could not hope to be a complete substitute for all the home news and presents and

delights. Old as I am, I never shall forget the news at last received in mid-January that the Patrol was finished for the time by this long-suffering ship of old date. Every man's heart responded to the orders and in a moment through the ship they ran like some pure quicksilver of a glorious Gospel, acceptable to all, news of salvation.

Then the course home was set. It was not simple; there were three variants which we could take: outside in the Atlantic beyond the Hebrides; within the Hebrides; or closer in. I must not say the course that we pursued. I never shall forget the North of Ireland breaking upon our sight in loveliness, despite some warnings about submarines; steaming at speed down the St. George's Sea and Bristol Channel is not always simple, with convoys coming out, and many ships, all with lights out, steaming at high speed as well. In two days' time we reached our destination upon a Sunday morning. Church was held, a final celebration of Communion followed by a short thanksgiving in the Mess Decks, and the sights and sounds of home came into view—the well-known headlands and the noble harbour. The men lined ship, their souls set in their eyes, to get the first glimpse of the folk they knew. The ship, of course, arrived in secrecy. No one was there to welcome us, but leave was given within an hour.

TUBBY.

A Sailor's Letter

Extract from a sailor's letter to a fellow-member in Cornwall:—"And now a few words about Toc H. It has been a very great help to me since the war began, and, through Toc H, I have never been wanting for a friend. Wherever I have gone Toc H has welcomed me with a fellowship almost unbelievable, and my happiest times ashore have all been spent either at Toc H meetings or with members of this great brotherhood. The Branch at the port where we are now is doing some very fine work. . . It has influenced a great number of fellows from

H.M.S. — — alone, who have found it something really worth while. Many are most eager to become members, and quite a few are already probationers. . .

Last Wednesday a Social was held in the traditional Toc H style. It seemed almost like being at home, because everybody treated us as old friends, and for that one evening we all completely forgot the war and our own little worries. . . If anything is going to help us gain victory in the end, it is certainly the spirit of Toc H, a fellowship of which I am very proud to be a member."

'QUATORZE JUILLET'

July 14, 1939

VEULES-LES-ROSES was very early astir this morning. Soon after sunrise I stood upon the beach and looking eastwards along the shining sea and the cliffs which hide Dieppe. It would be another hot day.

As I turned back up the village street flags were already flying on the tiny 'casino' and from the roofs of the brightly-coloured holiday villas. There was a riot of climbing roses in every garden—for Veules has to keep up its name—and every face I met matched this gaiety. The pretty ironmongeress, just opening her shop, smiled at me, 'Madame la Marquise, who sells sweets fit for angels at the sign of *'La Pompadour'*', shook me by the hand, even the watchmaker's widow, a surly old woman, nodded at me from her window. People coming down the steep lane from early Mass in the very noble and ancient church of Veules were already in their holiday best. And a few minutes later, as I sat over my morning coffee in the sunny courtyard of our little hotel, there was a drum tapping down the village street. It was the Fourteenth of July, the *Fête Nationale*. In the course of the day few of us would spend much time in remembering the Fall of the Bastille; most of us would enjoy for a few moments the luxury of swelling with a patriot's pride; all of us, without exception, meant to enjoy the day from start to finish.

And now the drum was returning, bringing its sheaves, so to speak, with it. Now there were six drums, beaten by old men and small boys for all they were worth. Marching in front of them were two fierce figures, with long axes on their shoulders, white leather aprons over faded and drooping blue uniforms, their heads surmounted by high bearskin bushies—the uniform (perhaps an actual heirloom) of Napoleon's 'Old Guard.' One man wore the long sweeping moustache which belonged to the picture—and in him I recognised the grizzled scavenger who, on workdays, clad in rags, pushed a dust cart at a snail's pace round our tiny municipality. Behind the drums, discordant brass, blown

painstakingly by our shopkeeper friends in peaked caps; behind the band, the Tricolour and the *sapeurs pompiers* (you can't run a fête in France without the fire-brigade); behind them, all and sundry, a few soldiers and sailors on leave, fishermen in rust-red linen trousers, old gentlemen in black alpaca jackets, housewives in church-going hats, visitors in beach pyjamas, children in every variety, a joyful, untidy procession. We fell in and marched to the *Mairie*.

The Mayor, in the solemn clothes which fit fêtes and funerals alike in France, came out on the steps. The national flag was hoisted and we stood round rather casually, I thought, for the playing of the *Marseillaise*. The Mayor presented prizes to the schoolchildren—the prizes very modest little books (except one inevitable fat encyclopædia *Larousse* for the chief girl), and the children very smart, shy and proud, like all other prizewinners at school. And then the Mayor cleared his throat, took up an official stance, adjusted his *pince-nez*, and read his speech from a foolscap sheet. These were solemn days, he said, *La Patrie* was in danger from the barbarians once more. But France had a stout heart, her sons and daughters stood together with an inflexible will, her glorious army was well prepared, her spirit was immortal. The barbarians "shall never pass." We all clapped, and then the gay chatter broke out again. The band fell in and marched away, beating, blowing and sweating gallantly, up the hill. A thin trail of those with nothing much else to do followed it, the rest of us made for the *estaminets* or the beach, to-day's serious occupations.

* * * *

This afternoon I walked by the cliff top to St. Valery-en-Caux, the next little place westwards, two or three miles away. The band of Veules-les-Roses was still on the march, and I met it in the leafy lane which clings along the top of the deep valley in which Veules is hidden. The musicians had lunched well; their collars were loosened, their faces

red and shiny, their music less certain. Only the smallest drummer boy preserved the grim demeanour of the inflexible will of France.

The cliff top was deserted and lovely. I walked by the narrow path between the sea and the corn—the sea dazzling under the afternoon sun, a bright mirror tarnished in shifting patches by the shadows of moving clouds, and the corn as a green wall, nearly shoulder-high, starred along its foot with scarlet poppies and blue corncockle. The green wall was broken now and then by a field of flax, just pulled and stacked in countless pyramids of golden green. The sound of the sea washing the shingle at the cliff foot came up to me lazily from one side, and the music of the corn came down to me in a changing, incessant stream, the song of a

dozen larks at a time. Viewed from this sea-rampart, *La Patrie* seemed so secure, so wonderfully rich and happy.

Sitting outside a café at St. Valery, I drank coffee and ate pastries (both of the kind which draws the Englishman to France) before starting the walk home, and enjoyed the scene of the midget harbour, with half a dozen little cutters at anchor, lying in the fold of a wooded hill. A holiday 'bus was disgorging its over-load of country folk on to the stone jetty and the shingly beach. The inevitable band was playing *Madelon* somewhere in the town. Sunshine, colour and laughter, the carefree mood of *Quatorze Juillet*, the festival of a nation's unity, founded once and for all years ago. Here the barbarians "shall never pass."

June 11-12, 1940

There is a story of Veules-les-Roses and St. Valery-en-Caux to be told as a postscript,

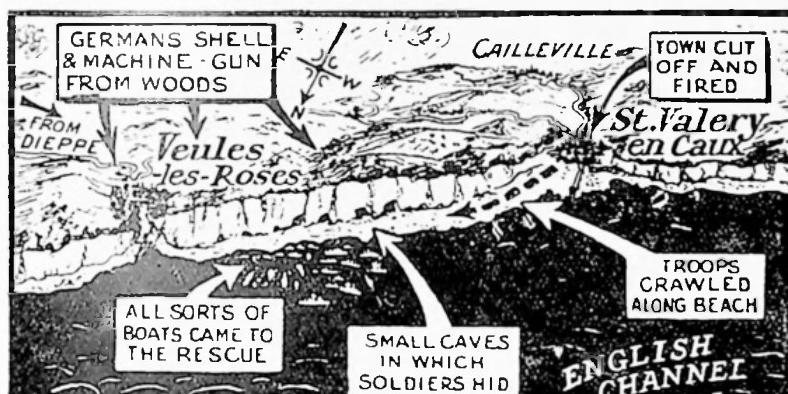
on the sea front, where a year earlier I had so much enjoyed coffee and pastries. They were watching for warships to come and take them away.

Just after mid-day the first enemy shell burst in the sea, just in front of them, others followed at once. The gunner goes on:—

Something had to be done quickly. Some ran up into the town to fight, others ran along the beach, several found rowing-boats and made off to sea, others, fully dressed and a few stripped, started to swim. Most of the swimmers, I believe, were drowned. Gradually it dawned upon us that the enemy had come around the town on the left flank, along the 250 ft. cliff edge . . .

Indeed the enemy had taken my walk of *Quatorze Juillet*—between the cornfields, now trampled, and the sea, soon full of wounded and drowning men.

Our gunner was running along the shingle beach where many dead and wounded were already lying. It was the heat of the day, the shingle slid desperately underfoot, the tide was coming in fast up the narrow beach and the cliffs were unscaleable. Discarding



and it was told recently to Douglas Williams, the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent with the B.E.F., by a British gunner.*

"At 6 a.m. on the morning of Tuesday, June 11," his story begins, "St. Valery-en-Caux was still a well-defended town, with batteries of anti-aircraft, as well as anti-tank guns and French 75's. There were many troops there, including various cavalry and infantry regiments, and innumerable scattered units of R.E.'s and R.A.'s, infantry, R.A.S.C. and others who had lost touch with their own formations. The civilians were hastily gathering their belongings and fleeing the town."

The troops, with their pockets full of gifts from evacuating shopkeepers, were crowded

their equipment, parties of men, harassed by snipers on the cliff-top above and even from the sea, where two Germans with a machine-gun kept pace in a rowing boat, crawled painfully on hands and knees towards Veules-les-Roses. There are little caves in these crumbling cliffs and parties began to crawl into them. They had scarcely any food and no water, and the atmosphere became stifling: "the next three or four hours seemed interminable." With a candle, a pocket mirror as reflector and a tin-hat as a shutter they improvised signals out to sea, in the hope of rescue.

"St. Valery," says the gunner, "was a town in flames and explosions lighting up the sky and a furious battle was in progress right over us. Every few minutes the cave would tremble and shake and pieces of chalk and rock fell from the roof. . . Once a loud crash broke the silence and a corporal shouted that someone had fallen from the cliff-top and was dead outside. He was the first of a party of British soldiers on the cliff-top

who tried to escape down a rope. The rope was too short. . . ."

Piled on one another, most of the party slept at last. About 2 a.m. the rescue came—dark shapes moving quietly through the darkness at sea, all manner of British craft from across the Channel.

"When daylight fully came it disclosed a beach still filled with soldiers, formed up calmly in disciplined queues, awaiting their turn for the lifeboats."

The miracle of Dunkirk had been repeated. Men from the cliff-top and others who had run the gauntlet of snipers in Veules-les-Roses, joined the survivors of St. Valery. The valley of Veules, so lovely a year before, was on fire with bursting shells. And as the British pulled away to sea and safety the last salute from France crashed round their ships from the German batteries in the woods of Veules-les-Roses. They left their dead behind and 6,000 comrades as prisoners of war.

July 14, 1940

The scene is St. Stephen's Services Club in London. The Tricolour on the Club's balcony, facing Westminster Bridge, answers the Tricolour flying from the tower of Westminster Abbey. In the big dining room tables are gay with blue, white and red, flowers of the three colours in vases and streamers and huge rosettes to match. (It was a short night's sleep for the women volunteers who set all this ready). The tables are well-furnished with guests, the officers, N.C.O.'s and men, soldiers and sailors, of General de Gaulle's headquarters, who for some weeks have made St. Stephen's their home. The General's representative sits at the 'high table,' beside a British staff officer. French wine is in men's glasses and French cigarettes between their lips. Short speeches in French have been made and the *Marseillaise* and *God save the King* have been sung with a will. In a foreign land, cut off from wife and child, these Frenchmen have not let pass the *Fête Nationale*. They have made their decision, defied "the men of Vichy," sacrificed much—and kept their honour and their country's. France is in ruins; these Frenchmen still stand on their feet.

One of their Toc H hosts leaves the table, and returns with a fresh guest—"Mesdames

et Messieurs," he shouts above the babel of talk and laughter, "*Madame Alice Delysia!*" A great shout goes up, for here indeed she is, as fresh and fascinating to this audience as she appeared to their fathers in the last Great War. She has a busy day—she will stay ten minutes, sing a few French songs. She sings song after song, drawn on by the delighted crowd of French and British troops. Someone brings her flowers, someone else a cup of tea (her choice—for she is an English-woman nowadays). When she pauses for a rest, a French-Canadian sergeant-major, greatly daring, offers to fill the gap by singing *Madelon*. A young R.A.F. corporal follows, and delighted Delysia kisses him on both cheeks, amid loud applause. Three 'Aussies' push forward to thank her—they can't restrain themselves—and she greets them with outstretched hands as "*Mes Australiens!*" She has sung, recited, sparkled—a Gracie Fields in a foreign tongue—for an hour and a half. Now she *really* must go. "This is like home," says the young French sailor beside me, excitedly.

"And where is 'home' for you?"

"A little place, monsieur, on the coast near Dieppe—Veules-les-Roses."

BARCLAY BARON.

IN THE SERVICE OF TRUTH

AFTER a long period of slackness and hesitation and divisions among ourselves we have now achieved, as citizens of the British Commonwealth of Nations, a unity which we believe to be more than a match for the imposing unity of the totalitarians. As Christians we have not yet shown to the world, in anything like the same degree, a united front. Millions of us are vaguely Christian without being active members of the Church of Christ, some of us are 'good Churchmen' but very poor Christians, many belong conscientiously to a Christian denomination, but scarcely look beyond it to the Church Universal, "the blessed company of all faithful people".

To outward seeming, Christianity at the moment is a religion which does not arouse as much enthusiasm, as much determination, as much readiness for sacrifice, as the rival religions of Nazi-ism, Fascism and Bolshevism which are massed against it. The time has come, is overdue, for Christians to prove the conviction that is in them. Or else one might be tempted to say that with so ill-organised and lukewarm an army, God will be hard put to it to defeat the Devil.

'Begin Now'—that is the title of an article by the Archbishop of York in a recent number of the *Christian News-Letter* (No. 41, August 7), and it is much worth reading and study. He says that "we need two things: a gathering together of the great mass of Christian sentiment which undoubtedly exists, and the direction of this towards some definite goal." He says that, in general terms, that goal is "international and social justice", but, since everybody agrees to such general terms, somebody must risk coming to brass tacks. He takes the risk himself, and of course some of his readers won't like it.

The Church is always up against a dilemma in its dealings with the world. If it keeps silence men say it is asleep; if it attempts to say anything definite the critics say that it is meddling where it has no business. And all the while the truth is that the business of the Christian Church is with every moral con-

cern of men—and that means that its duty is to invade politics and economics and social life, to investigate, to teach, to encourage, to condemn freely and without fear of consequences. In the small space at his disposal, Dr. William Temple touches economics at points which will arouse strong feelings for and against what he says.

He is concerned at the moment, not with the settlement after the war, but with "the goal to which we should hope to move". "Broadly", he says, "this may be described as equal freedom for all nations, equal access to raw materials, equal opportunities of developing both material resources and human capacities." This leads him at once to an attack upon 'the profit motive'; "the primary aim in producing food turns out to be in practice, not feeding the hungry, but making a profit." Dangerous rivalries, the threat of war, chronic unemployment inevitably follow in its train; "food is destroyed while men go hungry." This is surely not a mere preserve of economics and business men, but the urgent concern of all Christians. The evils inherent in the present system are great, the remedies cannot avoid being drastic. How drastic anyone can guess who reads the Archbishop's ideas of "the first steps" to be taken. The old world has broken down and a new one needs to be built. The war hastens the process and adds to the urgency enormously. Our readers would do well to study this article in the *Christian News-Letter* carefully.

* * * *

The *Christian News-Letter* announces a special reduced subscription rate for groups, open to our units. The new rates are: 6 copies at 1s. a week, or 12s. 6d. a quarter; 12 copies at 1s. 9d. a week, or 21s. a quarter; 25 copies at 3s. 6d. a week, or 42s. a quarter; 50 copies at 5s. a week, or 6os. a quarter. These will be posted, 6 or more copies, under one cover. An order form, to be used by the Secretary of the unit or discussion group, can be had from the C. N.-L., 20, Balcombe Street, Dorset Street, London, N.W.1.

THE PURPOSE OF TOC H.

We are permitted to make an extract from a letter from TUBBY some months ago to a member of the Toc H staff in Southern Africa. In it he reminds all of us once again of the true purpose of Toc H.

TOC H in my conception still remains a body of picked men of all descriptions selected mainly from the British race, though other races take their part in it. The members are essentially at one in their conviction that the love of God, supremely manifest in Christ his Son, is the one truth which can redeem the world. Their object in their day and generation is so to live their lives in human service that they commend religion to their fellows, not by the process of elaborate argument so much as by unselfishness in conduct. They seek to keep their minds from being channels of human hatred and intolerance. They are concerned to do what good they can, not as paid agents but as amateurs. Within the Services they seek not only to be efficient in their normal duties but to attempt those acts of moral courage which are more rare than bravery itself. Their outlook is good-humoured, but not lax.

As we have learned of late, neutrality exposes a small state to sad experiences, and being neutral on a moral issue is not the way of Christ or of his men.

Toc H therefore is only worth supporting where its work, however puny, is an instrument in the Christian cause. Its social education, and its meetings, its corporate commitments, and its programme are dust and ashes, and a waste of time, if they have not the spirit of Our Lord.

Throughout the darkness which still lies ahead, deeper perhaps than we have known as yet, Toc H can only hope to claim true men in life or death, whichever may befall, if it puts first things first and seeks to find not a mere augmentation of its numbers, but men who are prepared to work and pray. Nations in Europe have now organised their man-power by a process of compulsion which makes no condition as to moral virtue. Toc H is tiny by comparison, yet it is serving thousands in their need.

What glimpses are they obtaining of its purpose? Is it confused within their weary minds with all the other agencies at work? It is in point of fact distinct, unique, for none of these invite their membership. Toc H alone offers them brotherhood in the name of Christ and His cause. It does not merely want to do them good, but rather asks that they should give Toc H more than a passing thought. The hand of God may indeed lead them to attach themselves to this great brotherhood built up in Christ.

Its work is personal. The stranger comes and ceases to be strange. He hears the call. He finds the faith exhibited in them as he has seldom seen it hitherto. He joins their worship. He is one with them, and when he leaves he neither will forget nor be forgotten, for between them both a working brotherhood has come to be.

THE ELDER

BRETHREN

BESWICK.—In July, G. BESWICK, a member of Birkenhead Branch. Elected June, 1938.

HAYTER.—On July 7, at Christchurch, Colombo, Ceylon, LEO HAYTER, a member of Colombo Branch. Elected January, 1926.

PRITCHARD.—In July, F. PRITCHARD, a member of Birkenhead Branch. Elected August 18, 1936.

SRAFTON.—In July, G. L. SRAFTON, a member of Birkenhead Branch. Elected

May 29, 1934.

SPRIGGS.—On July 20, the Rev. PERCY B. SPRIGGS, Padre of Rushden Group. Elected August 8, 1939.

SPRINGHALL.—In July, Colonel J. W. SPRINGHALL, O.B.E., D.C.M., a member of Worthing Branch. Elected January 1, 1925.

TAYLOR.—On July 3, J. E. (TED) TAYLOR, a founder member of Ilkley Branch. Elected February, 1940.

TOC H PUBLICATIONS

All communications regarding publications should be sent to the Registrar, Toc H,
47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1. Postage is extra on all publications unless otherwise stated.

BOOKS

- TALES OF TALBOT HOUSE. By Tubby. 1s.
PLAIN TALES FROM FLANDERS. By
Tubby. Longmans, 3s. 6d.
TOC H UNDER WEIGH. By P. W. Monie.
New Ed., Limp Linen, 1s.; 10s. per dozen.
BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS. By P. W.
Monie. Boards, 1s.
TOWARDS NEW LANDFALLS. By Hubert
Secretan. Boards, 1s.
THE SMOKING FURNACE AND THE
BURNING LAMP. Edited by Tubby.
Longmans, Paper, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 4s.
A BIRTHDAY BOOK. Twenty-one years of
Toc H. Illustrated. 176 pp. 2s.
A TREASURY OF PRAYERS AND PRAISES
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